

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

PRICE 4d.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madame Albertini.—First time this season, *Lucrezia Borgia*.—On Monday next, June 9 (a Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, August 9), will be performed *LUCREZIA BORGIA*. Lucrezia, Madame Albertini; Orsini, Madlle. Fizzi; Gennaro, Signor Bacchante; Gubetta, Signor Bouche; and Alfonso, Signor Belletti. With a new Ballet *Divertissement*, in which Madlle. Marie Taglioni and M. Charles will appear. Madlle. Piccolomini.—On Tuesday, June 10, *LA TRAVIATA*. Violetta, Madlle. Piccolomini. And a favorite Ballet—Madame Albani.—Thursday, June 12, a *Grand Extra Night*; various entertainments, combining the talents of Madame Albertini and Madame Albani. Ballet Department, Madlle. Marie Taglioni, Meddies, Boschetti and Katrine, and Mad. Bellon.—Friday, June 12, *Grand Extra Night*; particulars will be duly announced.—Saturday, June 14, Madlle. Johanna Wagner will make her first appearance, as Romeo in *I CAPULETTI ED I MONTECCHI*. Applications for boxes, stalls and tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—Exeter Hall.—Last concert but two in this country.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that Madame Goldschmidt will give a Miscellaneous Concert, with full band and chorus, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 14th, it being the last concert but two which will be given by Madame Goldschmidt in this country. Programme.—Part I.—Overture, "Les deux Journées" Cherubini; Air, "Pensate alla Patria" Madame Viardot (Italiana in Algeri); Rossini; Air, Madame Goldschmidt (Armidia) Gluck; Fantasy on Themes of "Don Juan" of Mozart, with orchestral accompaniment, Violoncello, Herr Moritz Ganz, (from Berlin) Ganz; Duo, "Ebbene... a te ferisci," "Giorno l' orrore" (Semiramide) Rossini; Madame Goldschmidt and Madame Pauline Viardot; Concertstück, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment, C. M. von Weber; Pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; Scena and Aria, with chorus, "Ah non creda," "Ah non guange" (Sonnambula) Bellini; Madame Goldschmidt. Part II.—Choral Fantasy, Pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus, Beethoven; Pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; Duet, "Per piacer alla Signora" (Il Turco in Italia) Rossini; Madame Goldschmidt and Sig. Belotti; Duo Concertante, for violin and violoncello, without accompaniment, Messrs. Leopold and Moritz Ganz (from Berlin), L. and M. Ganz; Morning Hymn, soprano solo and female chorus, Madame Goldschmidt (La Vestale); Spontini; Cavatina, "Di militari onori," Sig. Belotti (Jesonda); Spohr; Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson my Jo," Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song," Madame Goldschmidt; Part-Song, Pearseal; Coronation March, Meyerbeer. Conductor, M. Benedict. Doors open at Seven; to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Reserved and Numbered Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats (West Gallery and body of the Hall), 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), 7s. No more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT FOUNTAINS

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company beg to announce that Wednesday, the 18th of June, has been fixed for the opening of the **THE GREAT FOUNTAINS**. On this day will take place the first public display of the whole system of Waterworks, comprising (in addition to the Fountains already in action) the Water Temples, the Cascades, the two large Waterfalls, and the Fountains of the Grand Lower Basins. On this occasion admission will be limited to holders of one guinea (pink) and two guinea (yellow) season tickets, and to persons paying half-a-guinea. Transferable tickets (blue) will not be available on this day. See the date specified on the face of these tickets. The doors of the Palace and Park will be opened at twelve. Military Bands will be in attendance, in addition to the band of the Company.

By Order,

G. GROVE, SECRETARY.

Crystal Palace, June 5, 1856.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE PICTURE GALLERY, situated in the North Wing of the Palace, is now open.
June 2, 1856.

G. GROVE, Secretary.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856.—Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, K.G., His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., etc., etc. President.—The Right Honourable the Earl of Harewood. The Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday, August 26, Wednesday, 27, Thursday, 28, and Friday, 29. Conductor—Mr. Costa. Chairman—Samuel Smith, Esq. Secretary—Mr. Charles Olivier. Committee Room, St. George's-hall, Bradford.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, June 10th, Willis's Rooms, at Half-past Three. Quartet in A. Mozart; Trio in D. Beethoven; Quartet B flat (Post.), Op. 130, Beethoven; Barcarole and Waltzes, Chopin. Executants—Ernst (his last time this season), Cooper, Goffrie, and Platti; Pianiste, Madame Clara Schumann. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each; to be had as usual.

J. Etta, Director.

R E-UNION DES ARTS.—The next SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday next, June 14th, when the following artists will appear: Madame Clara Schumann, Ernst, Platti, Rokitsky, and Madlle. Juriquinis, from Stockholm. Members may purchase single tickets to admit friends at 10s. 6d. each, on application to Cramer and Co., and Boosey and Sons.

C. GOYFRIE, Manager.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS, under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, will give their Evening Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday, June 13th, 1856, in aid of the funds for its distressed members. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Holland, 13, Macclesfield-street, Soho; and at the principal music-sellers.

A PERFORMANCE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC takes place every Afternoon, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons' Music Warehouse, 28, Holles-street, from Three to Four o'clock, for the purpose of introducing the best Modern Music. Pianist, M. Darlton. Admission gratis.

MADAME ENDERSSÖHN has the honour to announce that she will give (under the highest patronage), at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, a GRAND FULL ORCHESTRAL CONCERT on the evening of Monday, the 16th of June. The band, which will be complete in all its departments, will consist of the most eminent performers. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori; Leader, Mr. Thirlwall. Principal vocal artistes—Madame Endersöhn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. L. W. Thomas, and Herr Formes. Solo Instrumentalists—Violin, M. Sainton; pianoforte, M. Bille; clarinet, M. Lazarus. Mr. Bille has most kindly consented on this occasion to accompany the vocal music. Commence at 8 o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved seats, 3s. Tickets to be procured of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington-street; Messrs. Ewer and Co., 390, Oxford-street; Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co., 48, Cheapside; and at all the music-sellers and libraries: also of Mr. Hargrave Jennings (Boyle's Court Guide-office), 120, Pall-mall; and at the residence of Madame Endersöhn, 5, Walton Villas, Brompton.

MAD. BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, Monday, June 9th, 1856. To commence at Two o'clock precisely. Messdames Viardot Garcia, Sherrington, Stabbach, Theresa Bassano, Bassano, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Pischek, F. Lablache, Reichardt; Sainton, Faure, Richard Blagrove; Pianoforte: Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Kuhe; Conduitors: M. Benedict and Mr. Aguilar.—Numbered Stalls, 10s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. To be had of Madame Bassano, 70, Berner's-street, Oxford-street; of Herr Kuhe, 12, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square; and of all the principal Music-sellers.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S SECOND MATINÉE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at 27, Queen Ann-street, on Saturday, June 14, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Violin, Herr Ernst; Oboe, M. Barret; Clarinet, Mr. Williams; Bassoon, M. Baumann; Horn, Mr. C. Harper; Pianoforte, Mrs. John Macfarren. Vocalists, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Tickets, 7s.; at Eber's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Morning, June 10th. Vocalists—Madame Viardot Garcia, Madlle. Emilie Krall, Mlle. Beyer Zerr, and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Mr. Webb, Herr Hausmann, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor—Herr Kuhe. Among other pieces will be performed Mr. Aguilar's new Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Tickets 10s. 6d. and 7s.; to be had of all the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

MADAME CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Wednesday, June 13th. Vocalists—Mlle. Emilie Krall (from the Royal Opera at Dresden), Mlle. Sedlatzek, Miss Corelli, M. Jules Lefort, and Signor Pisani. Instrumentalists—Violin, M. Sainton and M. Kettenus; violoncello, M. Paque; harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; piano, Herr Robert Goldbeck, and Mlle. Caroline Valentin; conductors, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Herr Lehmyer. Tickets 10s. 6d.; reserved seats 15s.; may be had of Mlle. Valentin, 6, Duke-street, Manchester-square, and of Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

NO. VI.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 291.)

How Balfe became conductor of Her Majesty's Theatre is worthy of a place in his memoirs. His opera, *L'Étoile de Seville*, was being rehearsed at the Grand Opera, Paris, in 1845. One day, after a long rehearsal, he was conversing in the court-yard with Signor Gardoni, M. Barboillet and others, when he observed a mysterious-looking individual standing near the door and watching him intently. This person was muffled up in a cloak, and no part of his face was visible except the eyes. Balfe, at that time, standing in no fear of duns, went up to the stranger and inquired whether he wished to speak with him. "Walk a little way up the Boulevard," was the reply, "and I will tell you what I want and who I am." The stranger quickly introduced himself, or rather discovered himself; and Balfe saw before him the well-known M. De la Bellinaye, with whose family he had been on terms of intimacy for several years, and whose connection with Her Majesty's Theatre is now matter of history.

"Well," interrogated Balfe, "what's the meaning of all this?"

"I want you to come over to London for a few days."

"What for?"

"I cannot tell you until we arrive there."

"It is impossible. My new opera is in full rehearsal; I cannot leave the theatre."

"You had better do as I tell you. Be advised by a friend. This matter will decide your future position in your own country, and vastly increase your reputation."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed Balfe, "but can't you give me a hint—"

"Mum!" almost whispered De la Bellinaye, putting his first finger on his upper lip.

"Well, then; I'll ask permission for four days' congé, and accompany you to London."

"Do so at once, and we shall start this evening for England. I have a carriage at the hotel."

Balfe quitted Paris that evening in company with De la Bellinaye, and arrived in London next day. He had not the most remote idea for what purpose he was summoned thus mysteriously from Paris. Next morning M. De la Bellinaye called on him, took him with him to Mr. Lumley's residence in Pall Mall, and introduced him to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley, after a very few words, offered Balfe the conductorship of the opera.

"I must first speak to Mr. Costa," said Balfe, hesitating, "and ascertain what his feelings would be. He and I are on very intimate terms."

M. De la Bellinaye immediately entered his protest against any communication with the late conductor, assuring Balfe that Mr. Costa would never again, under any circumstances, resume his post at Her Majesty's Theatre; and that, if Balfe did not sign that morning, another gentleman—a celebrity—was ready to do so. Balfe asked no further questions, but signed the official document presented to him, and returned to Paris the same day;—and thus he became conductor of Her Majesty's Theatre.

L'Étoile de Seville was brought out soon afterwards at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, and was played for twenty nights in succession, when Madame Stoltz, for some unexplained reason, left the theatre, and stopped its success in mid career. Then M. Léon Pillet, the director, fell into difficulties, the opera closed, and Balfe, having nothing to detain him in Paris, set off for London.

His first appearance as conductor of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre took place on Tuesday evening, March 3rd, 1846, when he was received by a crowded audience with the most enthusiastic plaudits. Never was reception more splendid. Of course this display was not altogether owing to Balfe's reputation and talent; much was due to the party feeling engendered in the minds of the *habitués* and supporters of the opera against the late conductor. Verdi's *Nino* (*Nabuco*; or *Nabucco*—

donosor) was the opening opera, its first production in England. The performance was noticeable for introducing Mdlle. Corbari, as Phenena—so great a favourite subsequently both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera—and Mdlle. Sanchioli, as Abigail, who promised great things, which she did not fulfil. The same night was brought out M. Perrot's ballet, *Catarina; ou, La Fille du Bandit*, Mdlles. Lucile Grahn, Louise Taglioni, and Petit Stephan, being included in the cast. After the opera, a loud cry was raised for Balfe, who was led on by Mr. Lumley, and was again received with uproarious applause. The band that year was Mr. Costa's celebrated "eighty," which the ex-conductor had taken so much pains and so many years to amalgamate. These were not destined to remain long under the sway of Balfe's *baton*, and already distant and muttering thunder foretold the storm that was about to burst over Her Majesty's Theatre.

One day, towards the end of the season, Grisi called Balfe into her room, and said to him:—

"Lumley has not spoken nor written a word to Mario or myself about next season. That does not astonish me, for I have been thinking for some time that he wants to get rid of us. Well, you may tell him from me that we have a surprise for him—*voilà tout!*!"

On the last night of the season (the memorable and never-to-be forgotten 1846) as Balfe was leaving the theatre, Mr. Fish called to him and said:—

"Have you heard the news?"

"No!"

"All the orchestra and chorus have signed with Persiani's husband for next year."

"Signed—for what and for where?" exclaimed Balfe incredulously.

"For a new grand Italian Opera to be opened next season. Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini are engaged, and Costa is to conduct."

Balfe went back directly to Mr. Lumley's room and told him. Mr. Lumley smiled.

"Yes, I know it all, and care little about it. They will find out their mistake before long. I have a new star will take London by storm, and can afford to put up with the loss. You will find Jenny Lind will serve me better than all of them put together. It only remains for you to provide an efficient orchestra and chorus. I have no fear for the result."

Balfe was not idle during the recess, and the band and chorus he provided—taking all things into consideration—for the season 1847, was highly creditable. Until the sudden closing of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, for seven years Balfe held his post, and maintained it with honor; adding yearly to his reputation as *chef-d'orchestre*, and becoming more and more a favorite with the public and the subscribers. In fact, so identified was he with the old Opera, that he began to be looked upon, at his desk in the orchestra, as much a living fixture as Mr. Nugent in the box-office, or Mr. Fish at the stage-door.

In August, 1851, Balfe produced at Her Majesty's Theatre an Italian version of his French opera, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, under the title *I Quattro Fratelli*. The cast comprised Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, Mad. Giuliani, Signors Gardoni and Colletti, and M. Massol. The opera was performed three nights, and had a great success, but was brought out too late—August 11th—the season finishing on the 25th.

The same year Balfe was invited to Vienna by the director of a new theatre, the Wieden, M. Pokorny, to conduct his opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, about to be brought there under the title of *Ziguenerin*. It had already been played the previous season at the same theatre with great success. Herr Staudigl and Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz were included in the cast. Balfe was engaged to conduct for three nights at 1,000 francs per night, but the curiosity to see the English *chef-d'orchestre*, added to the success of the English opera, induced the director to prolong his engagement to twelve nights at the same terms. Honour and reward, however, did not halt here. A splendid service of plate, the gift of M. Pokorny, was presented to Balfe at a supper attended by all the principal artists and chief members of the press in Vienna. The celebrated con-

ductor and composer, Strauss, father of the present well-known conductor, was outside in the street with his famous band of 60 first-rate professors, who performed overtures and selections from the *Siege of Rochelle*, *Falstaff*, *Maid of Artois*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Puits d'Amour*, *Quatre Fils Aymon*, &c., &c., &c. At Balfé's request, Strauss was invited to the banquet-room to drink a glass of champagne with him. The Viennese and English conductors were charmed with each other, and Strauss made a handsome speech—translated to Balfé by Staudigl—in which he called our hero the "King of Melody," and assured him that, since *Der Freischütz*, his band played no music which the people of Germany so thoroughly enjoyed as that of the *Siege of Rochelle*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, and others from the same source. The evening terminated in an uproar of applause, when Balfé went out on the balcony and was presented by Strauss to his band, the lookers-on joining lustily in the cheers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MOZART'S REQUIEM.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL.

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated expressly for the *Musical World*.)

(Continued from page 340.)

In this state of things there appeared to remain but one course in order to arrive at the truth, viz.: to resort to the still surviving widow of the great composer, and put the question to her, whether, according to her knowledge, he did, or did not complete the work. Certainly several expressions of hers which have at different times appeared in print, testified in favour of the latter; but through the recent discoveries this important fact was newly brought into question, and a decision from the first authority was in the highest degree desirable.

The estimable matron did not leave the question long unanswered; she replied on the 10th of February of this year (1839):

"If this score be complete, then it is not Mozart's, for he did not finish it, and in that case it will be easily seen what Süssmayer has written, because, according to my ideas, it would not be possible to any man to imitate the writing of another to such an extent as not to be detected. So much for this, and now I assure you that no one but Süssmayer completed the *Requiem*, which was not a difficult thing to do, since, as is well-known, all the chief points were indicated, and Süssmayer could not go wrong."

Although this reply leaves several minor circumstances unexplained, and rests too much upon generalities to lead to a complete and satisfactory elucidation, it coincides, nevertheless, with the account given by the Abbé Stadler.

"The first piece," he says in his *Defence*, etc., "'Requiem,' with the fugue, and the second, 'Dies iræ,' until 'Lacrymosa,' are instrumented, for the most part, by Mozart himself, and Süssmayer had no more to do to them than most composers leave to their copyists. Süssmayer's work really commenced at the 'Lacrymosa.' But here, also, Mozart had written the violin parts himself; only from the words 'Judicandus homo reus,' Süssmayer continued them till the end. Just in the same way, in the third piece, 'Domine,' Mozart has himself written the violin parts wherever the voices are silent; and when the voices enter, has plainly indicated the form of passages for the instruments. Before the fugue, 'Quam olim,' he has given to the violins two-and-a-half bars to play alone. In the 'Hostias' he has written out the violin parts in the two bars before the voices enter, at the words 'Memoriam facimus,' throughout eleven bars, with his own hand. After the end of the 'Hostias,' there is nothing more seen of his pen than the direction 'Quam olim da capo.' There is the end of the handwriting of Mozart in the original MS. But let it not be believed that Süssmayer has introduced anything of his own in the filling-up of the instrumentation. He made himself a score, exactly similar to that of Mozart, commencing from the 'Dies iræ' (which would be the one under consideration), into this he first transferred, note for note, all that the original contained, and he then followed the indications of the instrumentations in the most minute manner, without introducing any new feature of his own."

The whole of this explanation is, however, rather a description of Mozart's scores of the "Kyrie" and "Requiem," and of his sketches from the "Dies iræ" until the end of the "Hostias," than a proof that Süssmayer really did what the Abbé ascribes

to him, since he did not witness it, and, as has before been mentioned, never spoke with Süssmayer upon the subject, and consequently could only have derived these particulars from a third party.

Some of the cognoscenti, who were invited to the examination of the score, men of recognised authority, persist, however, in their opinion, that the whole MS. is in Mozart's handwriting, notwithstanding the letter of Madame von Nissen, just cited, and the declaration of the Abbé Stadler.

We see, indeed, from the following passage in Stadler's *Defence*, etc., how little certainty Madame Mozart herself possessed as to Süssmayer's real share in the work of her husband.

"The widow told me, that after his death she had found several small leaves of music upon Mozart's desk, which she had given over to Herr Süssmayer. What these papers contained, and what use Süssmayer had made of them she did not know."

It can easily be imagined that grief for the early loss of her husband, and the sad position in which she found herself with two young boys to provide for, left this unfortunate lady neither time nor calmness of mind sufficient in the first weeks after her bereavement to occupy herself with the papers, finished or unfinished, that Mozart left behind him. In what disorder these papers were, and for how long a time they remained so, is shown in another portion of the "Defence," when Stadler relates that the widow Mozart had requested him to put these remains in order, to which end she offered to send the whole to his house.

"I declined this offer," he continues, "and promised, as often as my time would permit, to visit her, and in the presence of Herr von Nissen, who lived adjoining, to look through all that the great departed had left behind him, to put it in order, and to make a catalogue of the whole. This was done in a short time. I named everything. Herr von Nissen wrote everything down, and the catalogue was soon ready."

(To be continued.)

£300 REWARD.

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from *The Athenaeum* ("ante"—page 689):—

"The Lady (Mad. Schumann) began with Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata. This was expressed by her in a manner so masterly as to convince us that no other pianiste is wronged by her being named as queen of her instrument. Madame Schumann's execution, however, was sometimes confused; and as this has been the case on former occasions, we may now suppose it to be her habitual style, without unfairness."

Whoever (say *Mr. Punch*) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to "confused execution" being the "habitual style" of the "queen" of the piano) shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

£400 REWARD.

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from *The Athenaeum* ("ante"—as before):—

"The policy of the Philharmonic Directors leans towards shifts and expedients, not the promotion of real Art. Had they abided by their statute, which binds them to give the best players in the best music, the Pianoforte Concerto (Beethoven's in G) would hardly have been permitted. A third-rate player has no business in the Philharmonic orchestra, 'were he twenty times our husband'; and the compliment paid to a great singer was paid at the expense of the subscribers' pleasure and the discouragement of more competent pianists now in London, who could be named by the half-dozen."

Whoever (say *Mr. Punch*) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to "were he twenty times our husband") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

STOCKHOLM.—A short time since, as Herr A. Dreysschook was landing from a steam boat, he had the misfortune to miss his footing and fall into the water. Luckily, however, he was promptly extricated from his dangerous position, without any serious results, further than the shock, and a thorough wetting.

THE IMPRESARIO OF MOZART.
(Translated from *Le Monéstral*.)

THE name of Mozart—glorious name!—had shone brightly for some days in the play-bills of the Bouffes-Parisiens, and promised those who felt a veneration for the memory of that sublime genius one of those rare evenings which are numbered in the lives of *dilettanti*. It was announced that an *opera buffa* of the illustrious master would be represented for the first time in France. On the evening of the first performance, the theatre of M. Offenbach, had it been as large as that of the Grand-Opéra, would not have sufficed to accommodate all who applied for admission.

No one has better characterised the prodigious talent of the author of *Don Juan* than M. Scudo, and we shall please our readers, we are sure, by borrowing from the celebrated critic the following lines :

"Mozart is as great a musician as a sublime poet. He chants the grace and the exquisite sentiments of superior natures, the mysterious griefs of the soul which peers into boundless horizons, the miseries and voluptuousness of an advanced civilization. He possesses the elegance, profundity, and personality of patricians. His genius revolted against the gross appetites of the crowd, and he never employed common formulas to captivate the approbation of the vulgar. He writes what he wishes to write without preoccupying himself with the public who hears what he writes, and his cadences stop short where his thoughts stop short. He is the musician of light and shade, but of light and shade which reflects the delicacy of the soul, and not that which expresses the refinement of the spirit. He has the piety of a child, the sadness and modesty of a woman; and his language, passionate, but chaste and religious, addresses itself only to those elevated natures which are always in a minority on the earth."

The overture to the *Impresario* was listened to in religious silence, and received at the end with frenetic applause; from the opening bar, none could fail to recognise the inspired hand which wrote so many beautiful and magnificent pages; and had any doubt existed as to the authenticity of the partition, a few notes would have sufficed to satisfy any mind. Every *morceau* in this adorable work excited the most lively enthusiasm; the air of *Sylvia* and the two duets which follow are real *chef-d'œuvre* of sentiment, of taste, of *esprit*; they carry the immortal stamp of the master—no more can be said.

The libretto of MM. Léon Battu and Ludovic Halévy—who, this time, constitute themselves *arrangers or translators*—is highly amusing; accustomed to successes, they have just achieved one more, and we owe them our acknowledgments for having provided us the opportunity of applauding a work which was unknown to us. Let us hope they will not halt here; there are many other unknown works of Mozart locked up in the heart of Germany.....Advice to *seekers of intellectual gold!*

The *Impresario* was "mounted" with the greatest care—a care which might be termed "pious"—and M. Offenbach was the high priest. The orchestra religiously fulfilled their task; and the artists have really surpassed themselves. We shall place in the first line (and that is no more than an act of justice) Mdlle. Dalmont, who played the rôle of *Sylvia*; she sang her romance with extreme taste and delicacy, she sang it with exquisite sentiment—one might have said that Mozart borrowed more grace from her voice. M. Caillat, who debuted in Rossignolo, possesses a good deal of animation and natural feeling—in short, he does not exaggerate, and the Bouffes-Parisiens have made a very good and useful acquisition. M. Anthiome, who played Lelio, acted the part well, and will sing better another time—the music of Mozart filled him with too much emotion. As for Mdlle. Claire Courtois, she was charming in *Zerline*—a character somewhat spoiled in the piece. All the artists were recalled.

The success was complete in every respect, but authors and artists will not be offended if we place their names after the giant name of Mozart. *A tout seigneur tout honneur.*

The box-office of the Bouffes-Parisiens is daily besieged by a crowd. Everybody is desirous of hearing and applauding the *Impresario*—a proof that in France they still love beautiful and good music.

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHUMANN.*

(No. 6.)

VARIOUS CRITICISMS ON THE COMPOSITIONS OF WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Continued from page 340.

W. STERNDALE BENNETT, "THREE SKETCHES," OP. 10; "THREE IMPROMPTUS," OP. 12; and "THREE ROMANCES," OP. 14.

BENNETT's compositions and remarkable talent have already been discussed, on various occasions, in these pages; Eusebius has more especially noticed in a somewhat lengthy article these extremely delicate Sketches, and all those persons who heard them played by the composer himself must at once agree with the praise bestowed on them. It is true that Bennett's appearance prepossesses us in his favour, but the excellencies and beauties of these pictures strike me as so prominent that I could not ascribe any very great amount of culture to those who, even if not favourably prejudiced by the execution of the composer, did not allow such to be the case. There are certain subjects on which we ought not to waste a single word. On the other hand, we have never held up Bennett as a wonder of Nature, but have merely desired that the honours which are the due of such a union of artistic virtues as he possesses should be secured him. The Sketches bear the titles respectively of "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain."

If art were indebted to him for nothing else, these Sketches would preserve his name from oblivion. In tenderness and *naïveté* of representation, they strike me as surpassing everything with which I am acquainted in the way of musical *genre* painting, for, like a true poet, Bennett has caught from Nature precisely some of her most musical scenes. Is it possible you have never heard music calling you over, in the evening, to the opposite side of the lake? Have you never heard that angry, raging music which impels mill-wheels and makes the water glisten with sparks? But the manner in which the Sketches were produced, whether from within to without, or by the contrary process, has nothing to do with the question, and can be decided by no one. In most cases the composers themselves do not know; one thing arises in such and such a fashion, and another in a totally different way; frequently, an external picture leads on the composer, and frequently a diatonic series suggests the picture. Let us not, however, rack our brains with these considerations but be content with enjoying, if only music and substantive melody are presented to us. I have forgotten "The Fountain." It was the piece we were most fond of hearing Bennett play; his entire poetic soul seemed merged in it. We heard everything—all the hundred voices plashing and murmuring. Schiller does not present it more visibly to us when he says :

"Mein Ohr umtönt ein Harmonienfluss,
Der Springquell fällt mit angenehmem Rauschen,
Die Blume neigt sich zu des Westes Kuss
Und alle Wesen sel' ich Wonne täuschen."

These lines are the best criticism on the Sketch.

The "Impromptus" are no less excellent or less true poems, although not so original, and reminding us in many instances of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; their form and rhythm also, are most graceful, though frequently almost too quiet and agreeable. Great progress is, however, first visible in the three *Romances*, especially in so far as their more profound, and, frequently, startling harmonic combinations and license, and their broader, and bolder build, are concerned. They were written only a short time ago, and may be looked upon as the pinnacle of the composer's efforts. In rich, outstreaming song, they resemble his other works; in them, too, the melody of the high voice is predominant. What especially distinguishes them, however, is their greater passion; the first Romance is even violent; the second appears to be simply quieter; the last again is full of yearning complaint. They require analysis as little as a beautiful poem; the initiated will understand them. As a peculiar beauty in the second Romance, I will merely mention the ever newly harmonized introduction of the melody, and the magnificent deep

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

basses, for it is always by his basses that a composer can be judged.

Sterndale Bennett has afforded us the most heartfelt delight with "three Diversions for the Pianoforte, for four Hands."* The forms, it is true, are small, but what delicacy of detail, and how artistic the whole! In this the higher artist is distinguished from the mediocre one, by treating even his smallest works with fondness and care, while the other scribbles them in a loose manner, under the idea that such things are not worthy of a better fate, and that he can throw them off by scores. In truth, with the exception of Mendelssohn, I know no living composer, who, with so little effort, could say so much, who could so arrange and round off a piece,—who, in a word, could write such "Diversions." There may be bolder and more spiritual compositions, but scarcely any more tender and more neat. A spirit of amiability, which only the most awkward hands could spoil, a fulness of the most precious gracefulness in the simplest movements, are diffused over the whole piece; everywhere do we meet with poetry and innocence. It seems as if this rare, wonderful foreign flower were now in its highest and most aromatic bloom; let our readers make haste and contemplate it. Foreign nations give us so little; Italy blows over merely butterfly's down, and the knotty excrescences startle us in the wonderful Berlioz. But this Englishman is, of all foreigners, the most worthy of German sympathy; he is an *artist born*, and even Germany can show few like him. To return to the compositions in question, it is a pity that they require more than two hands to enable us to enjoy them. Perhaps, they might be skilfully altered for only two; the first one, in fact, was written in this form, and merely afterwards differently arranged.

Bennett's Op. 16 is planned in a far more comprehensive spirit, and belongs to this series of small works by its title alone. Like a sonata, it is divided into four parts, completely worked out, and dependent on each other. But, properly speaking, the last does not conclude in the same way, as it was previously written, like the others. We must repeat, in praise of the *fantasia*, what we already said about Op. 17, although in its plan it belongs to a different domain, and is by far more complicated, difficult, and pretending. It is extremely rich in beautiful melodies, and as full of warbling as bushes alive with nightingales. In the harmonic turns, too, peculiar to Bennett, the poet is perceptible. The character of the first three movements is preponderantly lyrical, but becomes more dramatic and excites the fancy most strongly in the last: the musician, the painter, and the poet, will here find matter to their hand. Real artists alone are calculated to perform it. *Dilettanti* would have great difficulty in managing it, at least the majority of them.

W. STERNDALE BENNETT. *Fourth Concerto for Pianoforte.*

Unfortunately, I have not heard Bennett's Concerto played by himself, nor have I heard it with a full orchestra. My notice, therefore, will say and praise too little, perhaps, rather than too much. Bennett should, perhaps, have more frequently only hinted at the orchestral portions, or have rendered them playable by the pianist. Composers, who have their work in their head, mostly demand, in this respect, too much, and there are but few players capable of replacing the absent instruments by singing for instance. The form of the concerto is the old one of three movements; the key, F minor; and the prevailing character inclined to seriousness, but not gloom. An agreeable barcarole conducts the first movement to the last, and, as I am told, was what more especially won all hearts for the concerto, when the composer performed it here in Leipzig. In another sense as the wit of other composers asserts, *water* plays a principal part in Bennett's compositions, as if even in them the Englishman could not disguise his nature.

This barcarole, which, in conjunction with the orchestra, must produce a charming effect, belongs to his most successful works: the overture to the *Naïades*, and his masterly sketches, the "Lake," the "Miststream," and the "Fountain." The other movements offer nothing new in form, or, to speak more correctly, they seek

novelty not in any striking effect, but rather in an absence of all pretension; thus, at the conclusion of the *solo*, where in other concertos the cadences succeed one another in quick succession, Bennett interrupts the cadence, and allows it to die away, as if he himself wanted to prevent all clapping of hands; in the entire concerto he never aims at bravura and applause; it is understood that the composition alone shall be the principal thing, and that virtuosity of execution is of secondary importance. We find, consequently, no mechanical combinations, no feats for the fingers to execute, in this work, although for its performance it requires a very considerable—but more musical than manual—mastery, in one place, capable of rendering itself subordinate to, and in another, of rising above the orchestra. We find an abundance of beautiful melodies; the forms are charming and flowing, as is always the case in Bennett's compositions. The last movement, in opposition to the individuality of the composer, is humorous, but even here his lyrical nature finally breaks through. Let this suffice as a slight hint. Bennett's name already stands so high in Germany, that the only exhortation good pianoforte-players need is the fact of the concerto existing. May the composer of it write and work long for the benefit of true art!

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.—The description of the lavolta, in Sir John Davies's poem on dancing, "The Orchestra," (1596,) shows that it must have closely resembled the dance which we fondly boast of as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. It runs as follows:—

Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm and arm the dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound;
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest to all their music, song
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

The "anapest" is exclusive; it points exactly to the peculiar nature of the polka—the pause on the third step. Moreover it appears that there is not an especial figure for the polka—so there was none for the lavolta; for it was classed among those dances—

Wherin that dancer greatest praise has won,
Which, with best order, can all order shun;
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change.

Who can doubt, after this, that the polka was certainly danced before Queen Elizabeth.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI AND FÉTIS.—"Must all this be learned—*cher Fétis*," asked Rossini, smiling, one day, when they met accidentally in the shop of M. Troupenas—"must all this be learned in order to compose!" Rossini alluded to the *Treatise on Counterpoint on Fugue*, by Fétis, which was lying on the counter, and which the author of *Il Barbier* and *Guillaume Tell* was "feuilletant" with his fingers. "Ah, maestro!" rejoined the compiler of the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, "you are a living proof of the contrary."

KETTERING.—The choral society in this town gave two performances (morning and evening) on Tuesday last. In the morning a miscellaneous selection was given, and in the evening Romberg's *Lay of the Bell*, with a short selection of vocal and instrumental music. Miss Julia Bleaden, and Mr. Nicholson (the flautist), were very successful in their performances. Both concerts were attended by numerous audiences.

TRENTHAM.—Dr. Mark and his pupils played at the Duchess of Sutherland's on Tuesday, the 20th ult. A stage was erected for the juvenile band in the Sculpture Room, and Her Grace expressed herself much pleased with the performances.

BERLIN.—Herr Dorn's *Niebelungen* was performed a few evenings since to a numerous audience, at the Royal Operahouse. This opera has become very popular here, and may, at present, be regarded as being firmly established in the repertory. The same may be asserted of it at Weimar, Königsberg, and Breslau. It will, also, shortly be produced at the Imperial Hofburg theater in Vienna.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE third concert—Friday, May 30—attracted a still greater number of visitors than the two preceding, the general public being admitted on payment of seven and sixpence each. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Jessonda</i>)	Spohr.
Duo, "Quis est homo," Mdlle. Marai and Mad. Didiéé (<i>Stabat Mater</i>)	Rossini.
Romanza, "Una Vergine," Sig. Gardoni	Donizetti.
Madrigal, "In the merry Spring"	Ravenscroft.
Aria, "Va Sbramando," Herr Formes	Spohr.
Duo, "Un tenero core," Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario	Donizetti.
Scena, "Ozean" (<i>Oberon</i>)	Weber.
Finale, "Mafeo Orsini"	Donizetti.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Der Freischütz</i>)	Weber.
Aria, "Dah vieni alla finestra," Sig. Graziani (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)	Mozart.
Aria, "Nobil Signor," Mad. Didiéé	Meyerbeer.
Duet, "Ah! qual rispetto," Mad. Bosio and Signor Gardoni (<i>Conte Ory</i>)	Rossini.
Serenade and Chorus, "Com'e gentil," Sig. Mario (<i>Don Pasquale</i>)	Donizetti.
Duetto, "Nella Notte," Mdlle. Ney and Herr Formes (<i>Huguenots</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Prayer, "Dal tuo stellato" (<i>Moïse</i>)	Rossini.
Conductor, M. Sainton.				

In the absence of Mr. Costa, M. Sainton took the *bâton*. In the first part the noticeable points were Spohr's overture, finely played; Ravenscroft's madrigal, admirably sung; and the grand air from *Faust*, splendidly given by Herr Formes. The finale to the "prologue" of *Lucrezia Borgia* is entirely out of place in a concert-room. Grisi and Mario were encored in Donizetti's pleasing duet.

In the second part, Signor Graziani was encored in the serenade from *Don Giovanni*; Mad. Nantier Didiéé in the air from the *Huguenots*, and Mario in "Com'e gentil." The grand prayer from *Moïse* was given with magnificent effect.

The fourth came off yesterday, and the concourse of visitors even surpassed that of the previous Friday. The following was the selection:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Leonora</i>)	Beethoven.
Aria, "Bella Siccome" (<i>Don Pasquale</i>), Sig. Graziani...	Donizetti.
Duetto, "I Marinari," Sig. Gardoni and Sig. Ronconi	Rossini.
Aria, "Voi che sapete" (<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>), Madame Didiéé	
Madrigal, "Maidens, never go a-wooing," by the chorus	Mozart.
Duo, "Sull' aria" (<i>Figaro</i>), Mad. Grisi and Mad. Marai	Macfarren.
Aria, "Robert! O du den ich liebe" (<i>Roberto il Diavolo</i>), Mdlle. Ney	Mozart.
Finale, "Oh sommo Carlo" (<i>Ernani</i>), Mad. Bosio, Mad. Didiéé, Sig. Gardoni, Sig. Soldi, Sig. Graziani, Sig. Zelger, and chorus	Meyerbeer.
Conductor—Mr. Costa.				Verdi.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Zampa</i>)	Hérold.
Valse, "Ah che assorta," Mad. Bosio	Venzano.
Aria, "Miei Rampolli" (<i>Cenerentola</i>), Sig. Ronconi	Rossini.
Terzetto, "Sonre sin il vento," Mesdames Jenny Ney and Didiéé, and Herr Formes (<i>Così fan tutti</i>)	Mozart.
Air, "Sommo," Sig. Gardoni (<i>Masaniello</i>)	Auber.
Song, "O ruddier than the cherry," Herr Formes	Händel.
Soli e Coro, "La Carita"	Rossini.
Conductor—Mr. Costa.				

The encores were—Mad. Bosio in "Voi che sapete," the chorus in Macfarren's madrigal; Mad. Grisi and Mdlle. Marai in the duet from *Figaro*; and Mad. Bosio in Venzano's waltz. The overture to *Leonora* was magnificently played, and the overture to *Zampa* told with more brilliancy than ever it did before. Rossini's charming "Carita" chorus—sung to perfection—concluded the performance with great *éclat*.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS.

A SELECT, if not a numerous, audience attended the morning concert of Herr Molique on Monday. The programme, as usual, was highly interesting to amateurs of the violin. In addition to some new compositions by Herr Molique, Spohr's quintet, in G major, Op. 33, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, was admirably executed by Herr Molique, Messrs. Carrodus, Hill, Mellon, and Signor Piatti. The most important of the new contributions of Herr Molique was a trio in F, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—a work in every respect worthy of the distinguished composer. The performers were M. Charles Hallé, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti, who executed it to perfection. Herr Molique also played, *solo*, a new *Moreau de Salon*, and a new *Salterella*. Both were greatly admired, the latter more especially, and both were played with marvellous finish.

Besides the pianoforte part in the trio, M. Hallé essayed Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor, which is not one of the great German pianist's *chevaux de bataille*! The vocal music was assigned to Mdlle. Jenny Baur, Miss Lascelles, and Herr von der Oesten. Mdlle. Jenny Baur sang two German songs—"Schiffer-lied," by Herr Molique, and "Bolero," by Herr Dessauer. The "Schiffer-lied" is charming, full of character, and extremely *vocal*. Mdlle. Jenny Baur sang it with much animation. Miss Lascelles introduced Stradella's "Preghiera," composed in 1640. This lady has a fine *contralto* voice, which might be used to great purpose. Herr von der Oesten gave four songs, with a great deal of affected expression. Among them was Mendelssohn's beautiful "Sontags-lied," and Molique's no less graceful "Stars of the summer night." Mr. Rea accompanied the vocal music admirably. M. Hallé accompanied Molique. The concert was delightful throughout.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT and MISS COLE's first performance of classical chamber music came off at Willis's Rooms, on Monday evening. There was a fair attendance, chiefly of ladies. The programme included, among other things, Beethoven's trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; the same composer's sonata in D, No. 2, op. 29: Mendelssohn's sonata duo, op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello; and selections from the *Lieder ohne Worte*, of the same. The sonata duo was famously played by Mr. Alfred Gilbert and M. Paque. Mr. Alfred Gilbert also distinguished himself in Beethoven's splendid sonata, by genuine taste and feeling. Miss Cole sang Spohr's "Rose wer bist du," very charmingly, and introduced a new song by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, "Forget it not," which was immensely admired by the ladies. Mr. W. H. Cummins also sang. Mr. Cheshire played solos on the harp, and M. Paque a solo on the violoncello.

M. CHARLES HALLE'S Third Pianoforte Recital attracted an aristocratic audience on Thursday morning. The programme comprised Beethoven's sonata in D, op. 10, No. 3; Clementi's *capriccio* in F; Weber's *adagio*, *scherzo*, and *rondo* from sonata in A flat, op. 39; Beethoven's grand sonata in D minor, op. 31 (qy. 29), No. 2; Stephen Heller's *serenade* in C sharp minor, op. 56; *nocturne* in F sharp, op. 15; *valse* in A minor, op. 34, No. 2; and *grand polonaise* in A flat, op. 53, by Chopin. The sitters being mostly ladies, and the ladies aristocratic, there was no rude clapping after each display, but murmurs and the rustling of silks betrayed their unmistakable emotions. The chiefest murmurs and quickest rustlings occurred after Clementi's *capriccio*. There were no encores. Why, by the way, did M. Hallé omit the first and best movement of Weber's sonata—the best movement, indeed, ever composed by the author of *Der Freischütz* for the pianoforte?

MR. WILLING, the pianist, gave a concert at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday evening. He was assisted by Miss Birch, Miss Stabbach, Miss Poole, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Donald King, Benson, W. Coward, T. Williams, and Lawler, in the vocal department; and by M. Sainton, Messrs. Lucas, Sidney Pratten, James Coward, and Signor Picco, in the instrumental. Mr. Willing performed many pieces. His best performances were in Beethoven's B flat trio, with M. Sainton and Mr. Lucas; in a

selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; and in the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven. In the last Mr. Willing displayed both feeling and spirit. Signor Picco was encored in his selection from *Sonnambula*, and in the "Carneval de Venise."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—*The pianofortes which were so much admired for their tone and brilliancy, in the performance of Mr. Goldmick's sextet, at that gentleman's concert, were from the manufactory of Messrs. Kirkman and Son.*

CLARI FRASER.—*The name shall be respected. Is mo(o)re required?*

MISS ELLEN GLASCOCK'S "Imperial Prince's Galop" will be noticed immediately. The Reviews will be recommenced next week.

BIRTH.

On Friday, the 30th ultimo, at her residence, No. 2, Kildare-terrace, Westbourne-park, the lady of Desmond Ryan, Esq., of a son.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7TH, 1856.

WE inserted a letter in last week's impression, signed "Thomas Noddy," about which we are desirous of offering some few remarks, in order that our readers may not suppose we agree with the purport of it—or, to speak more frankly, that we admit it to have any purport whatever.

A word or two in reference to Music, by one who knows nothing at all about it (such was the heading of the letter) is—not to say it unpolite—rank nonsense. The writer evidently flatters himself that he is discoursing of something; but, in plain truth, he is discoursing of nothing. At the best he is fighting with a shadow—or, like Don Quixote, mistaking a windmill for a giant, a flock of sheep for an army of soldiers. His very first sentence betrays him:—

"If musical men would only condescend to regard music as something more than a science, I am inclined to think we should all be the better for it."

Now, in the name of common sense, what does the above convey? *Music*, properly speaking, is no more a science than painting, and a musician who held the contrary would be a blockhead. *Acoustics* is a science; music is an art. But we guessed directly what was coming from this very silly beginning. We knew at once that the worn-out hacknied twaddle which has been talked for ages by ignorant persons about *melody*, and that sort of thing, would constitute the substance of "Tom Noddy's" letter. "Tom Noddy" should be called Tom Noodle—since, positively, he is no better than a noodle. "The Profession"—he says—"knows more about the art than all the rest of the world;" and upon this admission he proceeds, in a rambling, slip-shod, incomprehensible manner, to show, or endeavour to show, that the "profession" knows less than the laity; and that he, Tom Noodle, and other noodles of his kidney, know everything. His letter, however, is, as we have already hinted, such nonsense—not a phrase of it, indeed, has a definite meaning—that it would be very dull work to pull it to pieces and show of what kind of stuff it is composed. As a great deal, however, of this senseless small-talk prevails in circles where something wiser might be expected, we consider it a duty to let our readers know what we think of it.

An old woman was asked whether she understood music. "No," she replied, "I don't know anything about it; but

I know what I like." Clever old woman! Tom Noodle is of "the likes of" her. He has written a letter to prove that he knows what he likes; as if, firstly, it was of any consequence to the world at large *what he likes*; or as if his likes and dislikes could regulate the laws that govern a great art. Tom Noodle doesn't like harmony; that's evident. So much the worse for Tom Noodle. Listen to him:—

"Your musical man, sir, when he is not a slave to (that abused term) harmony, is reproached as a *melodist*. But he cannot serve two masters."

It is really courteous of us to devote ten minutes' consideration to such rubbish. Let any honest man (Tom Noodle, for instance—honest, we doubt not, to every one except himself, whom he egregiously deceives)—let any honest man say what "reproached as a *melodist*" signifies. It signifies nothing at all—no more, indeed, than the following:—

"I am, I know, exhibiting my ignorance, but only expressing what tens of thousands of intelligent folks say, when I declare that *harmony—sheer harmony*—is often so objectionably introduced as to inflict downright injury upon the musical world—I mean those who live by music—while it by no means pleases or benefits those who pay to hear it."

Sheer harmony! Sheer fiddlestick. The whole paragraph is an inexplicable jumble of words. Further on we find a still more flagrant specimen of quackery—for it is nothing better than quackery to assume an *ex cathedra* tone on a subject about which you are conscious of being utterly ignorant:—

"Let the *rondo in B*, on the pianoforte, be for the curious, and the charms of sound for—the like of me, and our name is legion! I want to be fed, sir, not crammed."

You want to be *suckled—booby!* The "*rondo in B*!" As if the "charms of sound" might not just as well exist in a "*rondo in B*" as in any other form of music. Is Tom Noodle aware that *rondo* is the name for a particular kind of movement—and that B stands for a key? We fear not. Can he understand so much, now that it is told him? We fear not. What better shall we term it, then, than "*sheer*" impertinence in so hopeless an ignoramus to address a letter professedly about music to an exclusively musical journal? Does Tom Noodle imagine that his letter is clever—*spirituel*, and that his flippant tone is entertaining? If so, he must be even a greater dolt than we take him for. Hear him—the fat!—

"We, the herd,* delight in music for what it can conjure up, convey, express."

How fine all this looks upon paper, to be sure! But what empty platitudine it is. Who does *not*—even apart from the herd!—"delight in music" for the same reasons? The mountain in labour, however, at length conceives, and bears—a mouse—a most ridiculous mouse. In the following balderdash may be seen the whole secret of Tom Noodle's *cacoethes*:—

"We (the herd†) go to operas, and an *air* is about to be sung. We are all open-mouthed and greedy eared. We lean forward, in silent satisfaction—we who pay, and we are grateful."

There lies the gist of the Noodlish argument. Noodle can appreciate a song, and nothing more—Noodle, "who pays" (the snob!). As if nobody ever paid to hear a symphony. Noodle can't appreciate the "*Rondo in B*"—but he *can* appreciate a song—an "*air*." "Open-mouthed

* Qy.—Of asses? *Printer's Devil.*

† Of asses?—*Printer's Devil.*

‡ Of asses.

and greedy*-eared," he drinks in the tune ; and because he cares for nothing musical beyond it, like the priests of old, he would condemn his fellow-creatures to be eternally bored by the common-places which his own very small intelligence is enabled to clutch. He, Tom Noodle—"who pays"—(the snob !)—would limit the human race to "Oh no, we never mention her (or him)," and the "Ratcatcher's Daughter." So far travels his musical apprehension ; and, with the stupid fanaticism of a bigot, he would gladly limit ours. *Pauvre bête !* But no—not exactly ; Tom Noodle can tolerate an overture, and comprehend the *Battle of Pragus*. We have been unjust ; let him speak for himself :—

"Nor do these alone—these *melodies*†—charm us. What comes plainly and pleasantly home to us is what we appreciate, what we want. *We are not indifferent to an overture*, and *that* is more than a pretty or a pleasing jingle. I have seen that old fashioned 'Battle of Prague' pale the faces of working people. It tells its story unmistakeably and agreeably. What we don't comprehend is the noise, the discord, and the PROFOUND MIXTURE OF SOUNDS CALLED EXECUTION AND SCIENTIFIC. That to us is abominable."

What we "don't comprehend" is the effrontery of a man sitting down to write without knowing anything of the matter of which he intends to treat, and misapplying technical and conventional terms in such a manner that when set forth in his language they absolutely convey *nothing*. "The profound mixture of sounds called *execution and scientific*," is a phrase sufficiently absurd to damn any writer in *perpetuum*. Let Tom Noodle take a lesson, and keep his ignorance (which he avows) to himself. What does he gain by exposing it ?

One more word. The last sentences of his letter run—or rather limp—as follows :—

"Our sympathies are strong and very *available* ; our weaknesses are not all vices ;‡ we can submit, too, to a great deal of mystification, are very patient, willing to learn, and (excuse the expression) a little humbug is quite agreeable to us. But as one of Dickens's heroes says,—'There are chords,' and we have nerves as well as bowels ; and, with your permission, I will again address you on the subject of music."

Since to us, however (excuse the expression), "a little humbug" is *not* agreeable (much less a great humbug like Tom Noodle) we must emphatically rejoin—"Don't."

TO JOHN ELLA, Esq.,

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSICAL UNION.

MY GOOD ELLA—clear-headed friend—I have been making up my mind to write to you, but I had to get over the extreme wonder that fills me when I think of you ; I had to quell the bubbling enthusiasm that welled up from the very depths of my being, at the thought of your vast understanding, before I could control myself sufficiently to address you. For even though I am of the spirit-world now—and thou, most excellent, art still in thy fleshly swathings—yet do I feel an inferiority as of the creature to the creator.

Already—I find by the "Record," which is read beyond the Styx, and of which Charon brings me a copy hebdomadally—you have arrived at a definite conclusion as to sundry of my meanings. Already strains that seemed to me of little value as compared with the *intended* throwing

* Qy. Long ?—Printer's Devil.

† Are there no *melodies* in the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn ?

‡ How grand !

forth of my inward self, are to you as light—*dark* only with excess of significance.

For have you not given shape and expression to many things which I cast from me almost mechanically—unknowing, nay unearing, what their purport, or whether any—lacking as I did and do, thy divining instinct, thy scientific analytical scrutiny ? As blurs and blotches were they left by me, from sincerity partly, partly from indolence and stupidity—"hurried strokes," sometimes (ask my friend and other commentator, Richard) noted down impetuously, when, as a "genial madman," I was at a loss to say what moved me—to forget that music could *not* say it. Yet thou hast turned thy keen glance on them, and they have stood out in characters of fire—divine, backward, prophetic—like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, which Daniel, thine ancestor, did interpret for the king.

As printers' "pie" were they confused ; but thou didst thrust thy finger in that pie, and the plums thou didst pull out are in the "Record."

Most EXCELLENT !—thou hast the gift of interpretation—I of unknown tongues—for, I do swear to thee, many of the things which I did write and thou hast explained, were to myself a mystery. I was but the amanuensis, the reporter, of my Muse. As she spake I indited ; as she sang I scored—took notes in short-hand. At times the aged stenograph grew deaf, heard sounds to him inexplicable, and inwardly charged the Muse with being inaudible—with dropping her voice ; but still I wrote what I *could* hear, as in duty bound, though in despair of ever making myself comprehended.

My faith is now rewarded. I am triumphant, though in some measure humbled. What I believed in with my soul thou hast penetrated with thine intellect. Even what I saw not thou hast seen. They say, "*live and learn.*" I have learnt more since I am dead than I could ever have imagined living.

Why, my Ella, wert thou not my friend ? Why was thy advent postponed ? Why were we not simultaneously of the earth, that thou mightest have spoken of *me* familiarly, as of Mendelssohn ? How much have I lost !

Yes—I know now—a light has flashed upon me. I see an effect, of which I never could have dreamt, reserved for me by a kind providence—the resolution of a discord which has been suspended for years—suspended till thy coming. Oh, my Ella ! Be thou for ever my interpreter. *Adieu—leben sie wohl !*—thy grateful

BEETHOVEN.

THE VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE gave two musical *soirées* on Wednesday and Thursday, at which Mr. Aguilar played several of his own compositions, on the pianoforte, with great success. Mdlle. Annichini sang on both occasions.

STRAND.—Miss Thirlwall, a daughter of the violinist of that name, has made a successful *début* here. The fair *debutante* is young and pretty, has a nice mezzo-soprano voice, and sings Storace's music in *No Song, no Supper* (which is too good to be forgotten) with taste and *naïveté*.

WALWORTH.—Mr. Paul Gerrard, a pianist of suburban reputation, gave a concert at the Literary Institution on Thursday evening. The entertainment comprised a selection from *Don Giovanni*, and a miscellaneous act. The vocalists were the Misses Poole, Fanny Thirlwall, Julia Bleaden, Hincks, Messrs. Gadsby, Rogers, Neville, Hook, and Henry Buckland. The experiment with Mozart was a hazardous one ; but as apologies were made for absentees and short rehearsals, we decline criticism. Miss Poole was encored in Balfe's new and charming song, "Love smiles but to deceive," and in a song of Gerrard's. Miss Bleaden also was encored in a song. The attendance was good.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE success of Mdlle. Piccolomini increases. On Saturday, the third night of the *Traviata*, there was not only the greatest house of the season, but one of the greatest we remember for years at Her Majesty's Theatre. The audience were even more enthusiastic than before, and applauded the young artist vehemently in every scene. The excitement Mdlle. Piccolomini has created is, for one so young, unprecedented. At her age, Pasta failed in this country; Grisi had achieved no great reputation; and Jenny Lind was unknown.

On Monday night Verdi's *Trovatore* was produced for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre. It introduced Mad. Albertini—who made her first appearance in England—as Leonora, Signor Baucarde—his first appearance in England for six years—as Manrico, and Mad. Alboni as Azucena, her first appearance in that character. Signor Beneventano was the Conte di Luna, and Signor Bouche—his first appearance—Ferrando.

The greatest curiosity prevailed about Madame Albertini, whom rumour had declared to be the *prima donna assoluta* of all Italy, and who was represented to be a great actress, a great singer, and a beautiful woman in the bargain. Madame Albertini's first appearance on Monday night at once satisfied the audience that she possessed superior personal attractions. She is tall and slight; stately and dignified in deportment; and her countenance beams with intelligence. Madame Albertini made even a deeper impression by her singing than by her looks and demeanour. Her voice is a pure and splendid *soprano* of great power and compass, the low notes rich and full, the middle ones strong and clear, and the upper tones—except one or two, which are somewhat worn and fatigued by “hallooing and singing of” Verdi—brilliant and resonant as a bell. Madame Albertini's *sotto voce* singing is exquisite, and she has a perfect shake on several divisions of the scale—a very rare gift. Moreover, her intonation is faultless. After the first act Madame Albertini's success was decided, both as singer and actress. We never witnessed greater enthusiasm.

In the second act Leonora has not so much opportunity of shining. In the third, Madame Albertini hardly came up to the expectation raised of her from the first. It is possible she had over-exerted herself in the preceding scenes. Not that she did not confirm the opinion we had formed as to the quality of her voice and her capacities as an artist, but that her performance was unequal and occasionally exaggerated. With the audience, however, the new singer was in no less favour at the end than at the beginning, and Madame Albertini was again called for at the fall of the curtain, and received with loud and prolonged cheers.

Signor Baucarde will be remembered by the *habitués* for his beautiful voice and the purity of his style. His voice is a little the worse for wear, but his method of singing is unimpaired. He gave Manrico's first song behind the scenes half a tone lower; and added a cadence of his own which was not good. He was encored in the slow air of the second act—“Il ben mio”—which he sang with great sweetness, and gave the obstreperous *caballetta*, “In quella pira,” with immense energy.

The Azucena of Alboni took everybody by surprise—on account of her *acting*, not of her singing. Everybody anticipated how the music of the vengeful gipsy mother would be given by the queen of vocalists; but no one had a notion of the passion, pathos, and power, which would be exhibited in the dramatic impersonation. Verdi's music was never so exquisitely sung before. Had the composer heard Alboni he would give over writing for any one else. Fancy, O reader, Verdi being *sung*, not screamed throughout. The whole performance was replete with beauties, vocal and histrionic, and had we space we could fill columns in praise of both. But we have not space and must content our readers by assuring them that Alboni's Azucena is unrivalled; that as the singing is transcendent, so is the acting natural, impulsive, and full of truthfulness.

Signor Beneventano attempts too much, and he does less than if he attempted nothing. This is even more apparent in his Conte di Luna than in Germont in *La Traviata*. He endeavours to make every note *tell*, and thereby spoils even his good ones. Signor Beneventano possesses a voice, but no judgment.

In the popular romance, “Il balen suo sorriso,” he was, nevertheless, encored. There is no accounting for taste.

Signor Bouche, as Ferrando, was as obtrusive as he was mediocre.

Although we never remember so many recalls, or so much applause as accompanied the first representation of the *Trovatore*, we never remember, on the whole, a more inefficient *ensemble*. Not to go into details, the “*Miserere*” (transposed half a tone lower for the convenience of Signor Baucarde) was all at odds and ends. The death-bell, the harp in the orchestra, the chorus behind the scenes, the unseen fiddle, which endeavoured vainly to sustain the pitch for them and Sig. Baucarde, were one and the rest out of tune with each other; and the result was simply a *vacarme* of the least agreeable. Nevertheless, some foolish persons endeavoured to get it encored. The performance lasted till after midnight.

On Tuesday, *Il Trovatore* was repeated. After the opera, a new *ballet divertissement* served to introduce Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni, who, when first she appeared on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre (nine years since—in 1847), was a mere girl. The girl has now blown into the woman, and Marie Taglioni reappears before the English public with greater claims than ever to their admiration. It is not to be supposed that years have been unaccompanied by progress. On the contrary, Marie, who danced well before, dances better now. Her step is firmer, her *poses* are more decided, her *tours de force* give her less evident trouble; in short, she has become accomplished. In a *seguidilla* with M. Charles, Marie was loudly applauded. She has yet, however, to be seen and judged as a *mine*. It has not pleased Mr. Lumley hitherto to produce a real *ballet* of action. Is everything postponed for *Le Corsaire*? Surely, the old *répertoire* would furnish something to display Marie Taglione more favourably than the plain *divertissement* of Tuesday last.

On Thursday *La Traviata* for the fourth time. The house was again crammed; and there was another ovation, more enthusiastic than ever, for Mademoiselle Piccolomini.

After the opera, the new *divertissement* was given for Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni and M. Charles.

To-night *Il Trovatore* will be given for the third time; and on Monday *Lucrezia Borgia* for Madame Albertini, Signor Baucarde and Signor Belletti.

Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner has arrived, and will make her first appearance on Saturday as Romeo in Bellini's *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi*. Mdlle. Jenny Baur is engaged to play Giulietta, and Herr Reichardt will make his first appearance as Tybalt.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The second concert took place, on Thursday afternoon, in the Hanover-square Rooms. There was a full attendance. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.		
Symphony	.	.
Aria—“Deh vieni,” Mdlle. Bauer	.	.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in E flat, Mr. G. Cusins	.	.
PART II.		
Overture—“Isles of Fingal”	.	.
Romanza—“Deh Voler,” Mdlle. Bregazzi	.	.
Violin Fantasia, M. Sainton	.	.
Overture—“Ruler of the Spirits”	.	.
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.		

The fine symphony of Haydn (the last movement being one of his very best) was perfectly executed, and Mendelssohn's romantic overture was equally happy.

Mr. Cusins deserves the highest praise for being able and ready, at so short a notice, to supply the place of Miss Arabella Goddard (who was prevented from appearing by severe indisposition) in so difficult a concerto. He acquitted himself most admirably, and was loudly applauded.

M. Sainton's violin *fantasia* is extremely clever, and was executed *à merveille*.

Mdlle. Bauer took great pains with Mozart's *aria*; and Mdlle. Bregazzi in the *romanza* of Donizetti, showed herself possessed of a fine *contralto* voice.

Weber's overture went famously; and Mr. Mellon's friends were in raptures with the concert.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Rigoletto*, and Tuesday *Il Conte Ory* (with *Eva*, for Cerito) were repeated.

Rigoletto is drawing immense houses, and on Saturday, among the rest, attracted Her Majesty the Queen and her illustrious foreign visitors.

The first performance of Donizetti's *Favorita* took place on Thursday night before a brilliant audience, among whom were, again, Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and their royal guests.

The cast of the opera was very nearly the same as last year, the principal characters—Leonora, Ferdinando, and Alfonso—being sustained by Grisi, Mario, and Graziani. The *ballet*—which, to use common parlance, "gives a lift" to the early acts of *La Favorita*, in themselves essentially dull—was greatly strengthened in attraction by the aid of Mad. Cerito, whose execution of a Spanish dance was as exquisitely graceful as it was animated. But, although Signor Graziani sang the well known romance of the King, "A tanta Amor," with genuine feeling, and Grisi gave wonderful life and spirit to that burst of sentiment (so tamely expressed in the music) "O mio Ferdinando," and even with Mario's portrayal of manly independence and disdain, when the outraged Ferdinando casts his Sovereign's orders at the royal feet, and breaks the sword that had done loyal service—in spite of all this, the fourth act last night was, as it has always been, and ever must be, the only really and intensely interesting feature of the opera. Here, while the magnificently painted cloister scene by Mr. Grieve was missed, as much was done by Mr. Beverley as the constrained limits of the Lyceum Theatre would allow, and a *tableau* was presented, unlike its predecessor at the larger theatre, yet still beautiful and appropriate. About the singing and acting of Grisi and Mario in the last act of the *Favorita*, it would be difficult to say anything that has not been said already. Nevertheless, the impression derived is always fresh and delightful, since what is genial and true can never tire; and we believe that the lyric stage has not presented for many years anything more admirably truthful, natural, and picturesque than the performance of the two greatartists in this particular scene. With what deep passion Grisi paints the remorse and despair of the unhappy Leonora, and with what romance the character of the deceived and generously forgiving Ferdinando is invested by Mario, are notorious. Never were the varied emotions so tenderly and melodiously embodied—in music by which Donizetti would have redeemed a far weaker opera than *La Favorita* threatens to be at the outset—delineated with more earnestness and felicity than on Thursday night. The plaintive air, "Angiol d'amore"—in which Ferdinando laments the lost ideal of his early love—sung by Mario with profound and genuine sentiment, was unanimously encored. The final scene was as touching as ever. Leonora's recognition of her offended lover, her anguish, and her death, were, in the hands of Grisi, exhibitions of feeling and consummate art that could not fail to delight all who are capable of being impressed with what is at once great and effortless. The concluding duet, "Vien, tutto obbligo per te"—where Ferdinando is moved to compassion and oblivion of the past by Leonora's bitter repentance—was, as usual, a fine burst of passion, and the curtain slowly fell to the solemn admonition of the monks, upon a performance that could hardly have failed to satisfy the most exacting audience.

It should be mentioned that the part of Baldassare was very well played by M. Zelger, who during the absence of Lablache, and in the anticipation of Herr Formes, seems to have all the "heavy" business on his hands.

To-night *La Favorita* is to be repeated. *Don Giovanni* is announced, with Graziani as the libertine.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The opera of the *Sonnambula* and the musical farce of *The Waterman*, brought a crowded house on Saturday last. Mr. Sims Reeves was received enthusiastically in all his songs, and obtained the customary encores. Mrs. Sims Reeves, as Amina, sang the *finale* even better than usual. In *The Waterman* Mr. Sims Reeves took the audience by storm; all the ballads were encored, and "The Bay of Biscay" brought down such a hurricane that a sailor, who was present,

remarked, "that he had never heard such a *breeze* even in the Bay itself, where he had knocked about many a day." Miss Montague played *Wilhelmina* with *naïveté*, and looked very pretty. The other characters were well played.

On Monday *Fra Diavolo* was repeated. A concert followed, in which Miss Arabella Goddard (who was unanimously encored in a brilliant *Polka de Concert*, by Wallace), Herr Ernst (an immense favourite with the Islingtonians), Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, and Miss Poole assisted. The *Dead Shot* concluded the entertainments, Miss Fanny Bland confirming her success of the previous week.

On Tuesday the *Bohemian Girl* was repeated, the only alteration in the cast being Mr. Rosenthal, in the part of the Count. He sang the music carefully, and, with practice, will no doubt improve, as he has a good voice. A concert followed, aided by the talents of Madame Viardot Garcia (vociferously encored in two Spanish songs); Miss Bassano, who sang a characteristic ballad with taste and feeling; Herr Pischek (encored in two German *lieder*); and M. Sainton, who played his *fantasia* on *Rigoletto* in masterly style, accompanied on the *pianoforte* by Herr Luders. The *Beggar's Opera* was given afterwards, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, as Captain Macheath, sang the tunes so popular with our grandfathers and mothers, with characteristic spirit and vigour. Miss Fanny Bland made a capital Lucy, and Miss Julia Bleaden sang the plaintive ballads of Polly with feeling. To-night is announced as "positively the last night" of Mr. Sims Reeves. The *Beggar's Opera* is to be repeated, followed by a concert, with Signor Sivori, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, the New Philharmonic chorus, and other attractions. Herr Anschutz has been the conductor, conjointly with Mr. Montgomery, musical director of the theatre, during the week.

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE SURREY THEATRE.—(From a Correspondent.)—The experiment to commence here on Monday, is one of more than usual interest, and may lead to important results. It would have been better had the attempt been made on this, instead of the other side of the water, but should the *Spontoni* respond to the appeal, it will be the more likely to lead to the desired result, of giving the public what they have so long wished for—a lyrical theatre of first rate excellence, which shall be accessible to the public at large, and not a mere haunt for aristocracy and fashion. Decided success in the present attempt may possibly, among its other results, lead to the restoration of Covent Garden Theatre, as better suited in size and locality for such an establishment, should the experiment be finally determined on.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fourth concert attracted a more crowded audience than any of the preceding ones. The reason can scarcely be gathered from the programme, which was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Leonora</i>)	Beethoven.
Arie (<i>Iphigenie in Tauris</i>), Herr von der Oesten	Gluck.
Concerto, E flat, <i>pianoforte</i> , Mr. Otto Goldschmidt	Goldschmidt.
Aria (<i>Figaro</i>), Mdlle. Jenny Bauer	Mozart.
Symphony, E flat	Mozart.

PART II.

Duet, <i>pianoforte</i> and orchestra— <i>pianoforte</i> , Mr. E. Silas	E. Silas.
Romance (<i>Euryanthe</i>), Herr von der Oesten	Weber.
Concerto, violin, Herr Kettenus	Kettenus.
Aria (<i>Roberto</i>), Mdlle. Jenny Bauer	Meyerbeer.
Overture (<i>Gustavus</i>)	Auber.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

It was a mistake to have three new pieces, in addition to the symphony. It was a mistake to have two *pianoforte* solos. Poor Mr. Silas had the worst of it, coming, as he did, in the second place. The violin concerto was *de trop*. The selection in other respects was good, and the performance too. Mozart's symphony was *capitally* played. The overture of Beethoven was also splendidly executed, and was more applauded than anything else.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's concerto is in two movements—*Andante* and *Allegro*. It is written with great care and ability.

The *Andante* is graceful, and the *Allegro* brilliant and animated. Both movements were played with infinite spirit by the composer, who was loudly applauded on retiring from the platform.

The duet for pianoforte and orchestra was expressly composed for the New Philharmonic concerts, and executed for the first time in public on Wednesday evening. It is one of the most elegant and striking compositions we have heard from the pen of Mr. Silas, one of the most fertile producers of the day. We have listened to more ambitious works of the young and talented composer, but to none which has more thoroughly satisfied us. The audience were of the same opinion, applauded vigorously, and recalled Mr. Silas unanimously.

Herr Kettens is a better fiddler than he is a composer—which is easy, since his concerto is no better than it should be. Had it been ever so good, its length would have militated against its success. The audience were well nigh worn out before the end.

The vocal music was better selected than sung. Madlle. Jenny Bauer should avoid the pathetic. The air from *Figaro*—the first song of the Countess, "Porgi, amor"—was given without expression. Her second song—"Va, dit elle"—was in all respects better. Herr Von der Oesten has a good tenor voice and plenty of confidence; but neither Gluck's *aria*, nor Weber's romances are exactly suited to his affected style of singing.

Mr. Benedict conducted the whole concert with his accustomed skill.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE last concert of the most successful season of the Amateurs came off on Monday evening. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in D Mozart.
Ballad, "Fair Nell of Bervie Brae," Mr. W. Tenant Henry Leslie.
Solo for Cornet-à-Pistons, Mr. Henry E. Tatlam ... Mercadante.
Madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers" ... John Wilby.
Part-song, "This world is all a fleeting show" ... S. W. Waley.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.

March from "Vielka" Meyerbeer.

PART II.

Glee, four voices, "By Celia's arbour," by the Vocal Union Wm. Horsley.
Concerto for pianoforte, in A minor St. Vincent Jervis.
(First time of performance)
Angelina.
Four-part Song, "In the merry spring," by the Vocal Union Ravenscroft, 1613.
Overture (*Fidelio*) Beethoven.
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

Mozart's symphony was exceedingly well played, and with much greater attention to light and shade than usual. Mr. Tenant was encored in Mr. Leslie's graceful and pretty ballad. Mr. Waley's part-song, too, admirably sung by the choir, was re-demanded, as was Mr. Horsley's glee. The four-part song of Ravenscroft was also encored.

The new concerto of Mr. St. Vincent Jervis is a work of no small merit, and reflects very great credit upon its author, proving him to be a man whose studies have been earnestly and well directed in the high classical school. It is well written for the orchestra, though the accompaniments are throughout almost too heavy for the solo instrument. The ideas are not of the newest; indeed there is a certain *rococo* air about the whole work which in future attempts we must advise Mr. Jervis to eschew, and lean more upon his own resources. The *andante* is most to our liking. The last movement, in many small points, is weak and wants conciseness. The concerto was splendidly played by Angelina, who was received with loud applause, and at the termination of her performance was again greeted with a burst of approbation. The room was crowded.

We shall in our next number, give a *résumé* of the principal features of the season just concluded.

The overture to *Fidelio* concluded the concert with great spirit.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

THIS society was instituted in 1811, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1817, for promoting the education of the poor in England and Wales, and bringing them up in the Protestant faith. The National Society is jointly directed by the ecclesiastical authorities of the kingdom, by certain peers or privy councillors, and a number of lay and clerical members.

The appeal for public assistance on the present occasion was warmly responded to, and a large concourse of the religious and the charitable assembled at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, when a "Choral Festival" was announced. The name was, however, a misnomer. The "Festival" consisted merely of a full choral service, the choirs of the Chapels Royal, St. Paul's, and St. George's, Windsor, assisting. The selection of music, which formed part of the service, was as follows:—

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Responses	Tallis.
Chant	Spoer
					(arranged by Turle.)

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis Ebdon in C.

After the third Collect,
He that shall endure unto the end (Matt. xxiv., 13) Mendelssohn.

After the Sermon,
O, where shall wisdom be found (Job xxviii., 12) ... Boyce.

At the conclusion of the Prayer, and before the Blessing,
O come, let us sing unto the Lord (Psalm xcv., 1) ... Händel.

The chorus from *Elijah* was most impressively rendered by the united choirs, although taken somewhat too slow. The other performances were negligent. The singers, no doubt, are heartily tired of the old pieces. The "Choral Festival" was held by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and their praiseworthy exertions in the cause of charity, it is to be hoped, will meet with the aid which they seek.

MEETING OF THE CHARITY CHILDREN.

THE hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Charity Children, belonging to the various free-schools of the metropolis, took place on Thursday afternoon, as usual, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in presence of a vast multitude of people. There was no change in the musical parts of the ceremony, with which alone we have to do. The children, as usual, sang the hundredth, the hundred and thirteenth, and the hundred and fourth psalms; joined the members of the United Choirs in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms; and also in certain parts of Händel's *Coronation Anthem*, *Zadoc the Priest*, and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. The Chant to the "Venite" was Jones's eternal "in D." The "Te Deum and Jubilate" were Boyce's eternal "in A." The Children acquitted themselves well and so did the Choir. Mr. Bates beat time, as usual, from his rostrum, and the whole of the musical proceedings were superintended, as on a former occasion, by Mr. Goss, the zealous and intelligent organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. G. Cooper, the talented sub-organist, both of whom exhibited their accustomed ability and care. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln. A larger sum was collected at the doors than has been known for years.

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION.—At this triennial festival, which took place on Wednesday, amongst the distinguished individuals by whom the University was honoured were Prince Albert, the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Prince Regent of Baden, and their respective suites. After the proceedings terminated, the royal and distinguished party partook of a most sumptuous luncheon (such as Oxford only can produce) at the lodgings of the Vice-Chancellor, and then visited the different objects of interest in the university and city. Everything passed off in perfect good humour. The undergraduates of Worcester College gave a grand ball in their spacious hall, at which upwards of 250 were present. A subscription ball in the Town-hall was well attended.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

F. G. TINNEY.—Craven Waltzes, 3s.

HENRI LAURENT.—Rose of England Waltzes, dedicated to the Queen, 3s.

HENRI LAURENT.—Les Rues de Londres Waltzes, introducing the Ratcatcher's Daughter, 3s.

W. KUHE.—Piccolomini Mazurka, 2s. 6d.

NORDMANN.—Libiamo, from La Traviata, as a piece, 3s.

MADAME OURY.—Fantaisie Brillante on La Traviata, 4s.

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LE CARPENTIER.—Fantaisie facile sur Les Vêpres Siciliennes, 2s. 6d.

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LA TRAVIATA QUADRILLE, by Laurent, 3s.

LA TRAVIATA, COMPLETE EDITION, by Nordmann, illustrated, 5s.

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LAURENT'S BRIDESMAIDS' VALSE, illustrated, 4s.

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 2. LES RUES DE LONDRES VALSE, introducing the Ratcatcher's Daughter ... 3s.
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